

APR 5 1962

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BOB WELLS' NIGHTCAP

New Chain of Mail

Whilst Atty. Gen. Mosk has been out cheering on the good people of Gardena in their effort to ban draw poker, you know what's been going on right out here in Lakewood? Chain letters, that's what.

The newest wrinkle is bond parties. A couple hold a party and sell two \$37.50 U.S. Savings bonds, each with its chain list of names attached. The buyer of each of the lists, sends the bond to the name at the top of the list. The next morning he strikes the name to which he sent the bond, types two new lists with his name at the bottom, buys two bonds, schedules a party and repeats the operation.



WELLS

Yep, it's just as illegal as the old chain letters and pyramid clubs.

In the Chips

There is another chain letter, though, which whilst illegal tickles the fancy. It's a trading stamp chain letter, which has been popping up around the suburbs. Works just like a regular letter, except the recipient sends 10 trading stamps to the top name, then sends out five new letters.

One lady has received 70 Blue Chip stamps already.

Sgt. Tubbs of the bunco detail better add extra men. This one's going to be hard to stamp out.

Growing Crises

Seavaneagh Wong, author of "When Its Closing Time at The Trap, I'll Be Coming Back to You," and other tender Shore ballads, wants voters to protest the failure of the State Legislature to name an official California poet laureate. The lawmakers referred the matter to the Joint Committee on Legislative Organization to conduct a study of the whole poet laureate problem and report back in 1963.

"The legislature is plainly shirking its responsibility," Shav said. "As it is, in case of an atomic attack, we don't even have a disaster poet laureate named."

Seavaneagh thinks with the changes planned for the second edition of "Six Crises"—a new footnote about the CIA briefing of Kennedy on Cuba, and a correction concerning Alger Hiss's typewriter—Richard Nixon may have to change the title of his book to "Six Crises and How They Grew."

Cover-up

A Westside saucy pit on Santa Fe that was attracting customers with a rather startling life-sized painting of a nude on its exterior wall, has been quietly persuaded by the police department to put some clothes on the doll. The woman who blew the whistle to the Joseph Gendarmes says she is as broadminded as most—but bars can darn well paint their broads on their inside walls and not outside.

The Docket — a health farm for lawyers and defendants on Magnolia—is tossing two big abalone dinners Saturday and Sunday. All proceeds will be donated to the fund for the children of police officers John McLendon and Van Salisbury, killed in a crash on the Long Beach Freeway.

Carmen Ghia, the doll on the third stool to the left of the piano player at the Apple Valley, says her favorite TV show is "Ben Casey"—no Metrecal commercial. Fat chance she has to watch it in the Apple Valley, though. Only thing maitre d' Charlie Dodd will allow is Soupy Sales.